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ORIGINAL PORTRAIT.

TO "ELLEN."

Why strike thy lyre in notes so wild?

ELLEN.

There are—who marvel I should weath'—
A head of flowers whose bloom is gone;
And that a harp like mine should breathe
A single note to sorrow's tune:
They say, that life, 'tis true, is young,
Should seem a sweet, a sunny view,
—but which, a cloud of sorrow hangs,
Should vanish like the early dew.
They know not how, o'er early youth,
Hope's golden sunbeams brightly show;
They know not how, in mid-life, youth,
Her heavy cloud hath o'er me thrown!
They know not how, when Fortune shone
Upon the Minister's cheerful way,
His harp was strong to pleasure's tone,
His wreath was won of flowers gay.
In Lyre, for Fate's high need be strong,
With hope his ardent bosom glow'd—
—And in the Lyre's groves he sang,
And capture o'er his bosom glow'd!
—And "Love's young dream" then o'er him stole,
And round his heart so softly swept,
That then, enchanted, all his soul
In Love's delightful wistfulness slept.

Fortune came, with mid-life bright!
And all those halcyon joys were—
—And Love was child by death's cold night:
Of all his harp alone was left!
Two marvels met, that memory flings
Sometimes, around it, pleasure's pall—
—as, as I touch its muffled strings,
That deep-like notes of sorrow fall!
By harp is left—then haggard grief
Shall dry her briny flood of tears,
—as I will drink it with a leaf,
—Immortal as the march of years!
The world shall smile, that did me wrong,
The Bard shall wear the green-bay wreath,
His harp shall pour a deathless song,
And sweet shall be his sleep of death!

WILFRED.

TO —

Oh! Lady, grant the boon I seek,
A bracelet of that aureate hair,
Which curls in ringlets o'er thy cheek,
And wanders on the bosom there.
One little lock is all I ask,
Wrought into shape by thy fair hand;
—Sure 'twould not be an arduous task,
To weave for me the silken band.
The hand that still my heart shall bind,
In chains more firm than fetters' thrall,
While to thy slaving bliss resign'd,
I never can feel the captive's gall.

GANEM.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY—No. 1.

The Gondolier's Serenade.

Come love, the moon beam lights the lake,
And all around shines bright and clear;
My barge is swift—thy rest forsake,
And sail with me thy Gondolier.
Thy own true Gondolier,
Thy humble, happy Gondolier;
Calm rolls the lake,
Thy rest forsake,
And sail with me, thy Gondolier.
While o'er its surface swift we glide,
I'll sing thee lays of love, my dear,
And woo thee to become the bride
Of me, thy faithful Gondolier;
Thy own true Gondolier,
Thy humble, happy Gondolier;
Calm rolls the lake,
Thy rest forsake,
And sail with me, thy Gondolier.
I've tales of love, of lady bright,
Of peasant and of cavalier;
Of hapless maid, of faithless knight,
To win thee, for thy Gondolier;
Thy own true Gondolier,
Thy humble, happy Gondolier;
While calm the lake,
Thy rest forsake,
And sail with me, thy Gondolier.

ANSWER.

Who now beneath my lattice sings,
While silence hovers o'er us here;
And from the downy pillow wins
The maid who loves a Gondolier,
A young, gay Gondolier,
A humble, happy Gondolier;
Oh! yes, to be
That comes to me,
My darling, gallant Gondolier.
I see the moon beam lights the lake,
Thy sweet low notes now reach mine ear;
Oh! yes, I will my rest forsake,
To sail with thee, my Gondolier,
My young, gay Gondolier,
My humble, happy Gondolier,
For thy dove's sake,
O'er yon bright lake,
I'll sail with thee, my Gondolier.
Farewell my home, now with the tide,
And him, I bid on earth most dear,
I leave thee, to become the bride
Of my young, gallant Gondolier;
My own true Gondolier,
My humble, happy Gondolier,
Thy song and tale
Could never fail,
To woo and win my Gondolier.

TO ELLEN.

Yes, Ellen! I will smile again,
And banish sadness from my breast;
For friendship, solvent of pain,
Will kindly soothe my cares to rest.
The tear that trembled in my eye
Which just now met thy tender view,
Is fled, and the repulsive sigh,
Shall quickly cease its throbbing too.
In that loved bosom I'll confide
Each sad emotion of my heart,
Thy sympathy can cheer grief's tide,
And bid each painful thought depart.
Why should I then the task suspend,
So sweetly soothing to my mind,
When Ellen, loveliest, dearest friend,
Partakes in feelings so combined.
Perhaps thou think'st, all conquering love
Has caused these sad, disquietudes,
But then I tell thee, (oh! believe),
That soft sensation ne'er intrudes.
I had a friend: O she possess'd
All youthful beauty's glowing charms;
That friend, so dearly loved, so dear,
Is now enshroued in Death's cold arms.
Then can't thou wonder at these tears
Which can no longer be restrained,
Oh, no! thy gentle heart reverse,
The feelings thus by sorrow pained.
Should disappointment e'er more blight
The dreams of youth relentlessly,
May Ellen's friendship be the light
To shed a gleam of joy on me.

MARY.

THE MORALIST.

The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree: and which like a speaking trumpet is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sound last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and grove of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime; the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of Heaven seems to rest, with every thing connected therewith is calculated to excite the mind to enthusiasm.

In the mean while, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after return to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

Although talent and learning usually receives the vain homage of mankind, yet there are qualities of the human character much more deserving of respect, and virtues that are much more amiable. The respect of society, however, is not always given to the most meritorious, but to those who best please the fancy of their patrons; and hence the reason why the man who possesses wit, eloquence and erudition sufficient to please the jocular, persuade the simple, and confound the vulgar, receives the universal suffrage of the multitude, in preference to him who, by his silent but exalted virtue, merits the esteem and admiration of mankind; but flatters not their vanity by seeking it. Of this description is the man of true piety, or him who places an entire confidence in his God.—Let the deserts of such a man be what they may, all he seeks is the approbation of his Maker; and possessed of that, the world, with all its titles, badges, and acclamations, is too poor to merit his attention; he finds that the virtue which he possesses is the most valuable of all, and is, therefore, by no means disposed to sacrifice his real jewel for that which has only the appearance of one; for the condition of man is such that the happiness of to-day depends on the prospects of to-morrow; and the proportion of certainty with which we can calculate on future bliss, regulates the degree of present enjoyment. Who then can be so happy as the pious man?

There exists a class of men, who, although the kindness of Providence hath prevented them from falling into the labyrinth of the wild enthusiast, yet, in the pride of their own greatness, they have forgotten the Author of their being, and the source from whence all their blessings flow. What they possess they conceive to be their own, and imagine themselves to have an indisputable right of using it in whatever way their inclinations may direct, without being accountable for its product to any but themselves. The time, however, will come, when they also, to their sorrow, will discover the delusion—when all borrowed merit shall be destroyed—all false pretensions exposed, and their claim to honour and advancement be alone determined by their own intrinsic worth. How will ye stand this test—ye who have no power but that of influence, nor any respect but that of wealth; or ye who pride yourselves on your own excellence, and presume to stand in judgment over the works of God? True piety is the only virtue that will keep a man clear from the trammels of the world—that will point out to him the road to truth, and fit him for the enjoyment of that happiness which is ultimately destined for the good. But it is not sufficient that he acknowledge the existence of a God, or attend to the common principles of morality; he who would be a truly pious man, must be a religious man; for religion is morality refined. He must remember the Author of his being, and consider his bounty and benevolence—he must reverence and love his heavenly Father—he must regard him as his dearest friend, and place in him a full and entire confidence—he must raise his mind in gratitude for every favour which he daily and

hourly receives—in short, he must be so completely the child of God, that his whole mind must be enwrapped with affection for this best of Fathers, even as a child for a fond parent. Happy the man who has attained to this exalted degree of excellence; his life will be a life of peace and happiness, because it will be a life of virtue and piety.

PARNASSIAN PILL SHOP.

The "Heavenly Nine," moved with compassion by the pitiful complaints and dolorous grievances of humanity, who would fain be esteemed their votaries, and who seek relief by pouring the burden of their sorrows through the columns of their official gazette, "The Saturday Evening Post," in the plenitude of their benevolence, have sent Doctor SANGRADO, for their special edification and comfort. To remove every apprehension, and leave no loop hole whereon to hang a doubt, Dr. Sangrado is furnished with a diploma from the High Court, which he represents, which may be examined by all, and in particular, those whose cases require the exercise of his skill.

Dr. Sangrado has pleasure in announcing to all whom it may concern, that his PILLS are furnished with a complete assortment of Nustrums, which are infallible in all cases incident to the race of Poetasters, sojourning in "this vale of tears." It would be endless to enumerate—suffice it then to say, that amongst them may be found, a never-failing Cerate, for the cure of that most troublesome of all disorders, the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, neatly put in boxes, and accompanied with printed directions for its use; together with a gentle cataplasm of buttered honey, distilled from the amaranthine flowers that bloom upon the margin of the Helicon, for the relief of love-lorn swains. Dr. Sangrado is skilful in cicatrizing "bleeding hearts," and in applying the lancet, for the purpose of removing "fevers," and every other species of *rattiness*, with which, alas! too many hearts abound. In short, as before intimated, every aspirant for favour with the muses, who deep soever his sorrow, will find in the Pill Shop, "a sweet advice for his woes."

N. B. Advice gratis. SANGRADO.

September 18.

The case which claims my first attention, and which, having been for some time neglected, has excited peculiar sensations in the breast of the *harmonious nine*, is that of a man who reports himself seventy years of age, who, having tried the follies of this world, retires to a cell, where he now "learns to be wise." He thus describes the "homely cottage," where he has retired, "the miseries of life to yell!"

"When the ethereal mildness of the day was o'er,
And the rays of the ruler of day was no more,
To my homely cottage barren soil,
I softly repaired to my toil.

Through the torrent's gushing falls,
O'er the rocks my flocks did call,
Then softly return to my cell
The miseries of life to yell.

Ye great, I envy not thy happiness,
Nor ye riches, thy sumptuousness;
But envy the wisdom of the wise,
Softly to my cell I learn to be wise."

As he seems so perfectly contented since having crept, (I presume) "softly to his cell, to learn to be wise," and especially, as he appears so wonderfully deficient in that said thing yeelped wisdom, I was at first disposed to let him remain undisturbed in its acquisition; but once, on a time

"When the ethereal mildness of the day was o'er,
And the rays of the ruler of day was no more,"
in the course of my professional walks, I wandered near his cell, and heard the grating "yell of the miseries of life" disturbing his lonely dwelling, and concluded that all could not be right within; in short, that *Polly* having fled there with him, and having grown presumptuous, had turned dame Wisdom out of doors, and usurped the authority of the "cell." My conjectures were not entirely incorrect; for, upon opening the door, I found—but it is no matter what I found—except that instead of the veteran

"Whose head was silver'd o'er with age,
By long experience made a sage,"
I found—a *beardless Tyro*!

After examining minutely into his case, I found him possessed of a kind of *madness poetic*, which had been greatly enlarged by the *cacoethes scribendi*. After administering copious laxative draughts, and the use of a box or two of Cerate, I am happy in announcing the restoration of his reason, and his quiet removal to the peaceful shades of the vale of oblivion.

The next case, though apparently very pitiful, is not of so irremediable a character as might be supposed from a bare recital of it, and, perhaps, may be entirely obviated by a strict adherence to the advice which I shall administer. At any rate, I shall make this an opportunity of addressing some hortatory remarks to all who are ambitious of the appellation of *Bard*, and singular, to the subject of this article, "W."

I shall begin by saying, that a thirst for fame—the beguiling of a lonely hour which would otherwise hang heavily upon his hands—or the bewailing of some individual griefs or calamities, are the usual occasions which prompt a rhymester to the exercise of his powers. The first of these motives is laudable, and is, moreover, the only inducement which will justify him in inflicting his rhymes upon the public. A real thirst for fame, always leads to the adoption of such measures, as, in the event, generally obtain the desired end, and is generally accompanied with the unwavering assurance that the brightest dreams and the sweetest visions of ambition, will one day be realized. I shall also superadd, that none but youth of real genius, are susceptible of this generous impulse; this noble excitement; and that the love of glory operates only upon minds of the most delicate structure, and exquisite sensibility, and

which are capable of the most vigorous exertion. In all others, it evaporates in idle schemes and empty wishes; and with them, a desire for fame, is nothing more than an indelible hankering after some indescribable good, of which they have no rational conception.

It may be assumed, as a general position, that performances which have their origin in a no higher motive than private amusement, and all flowers plucked to beguile a tedious solitude, have accomplished their purpose, if they regale the sense of him who gathers them; in short, that if an inspiration, except individual, momentary gratification prompt the *writers* they will always fail to amuse their readers. It is nevertheless true, that some of the sweetest flowers bloom in solitude; but it is better by far that they should be left to

"blush unseen,
And waste their fragrance on the desert air,"
than that they should be thrown, all withered and wilted, upon the public gaze.

A certain "hood-winked dame," with whom, I fear, few to whom these remarks are addressed, are acquainted, bids me to hint to those writers whose songs are "of love—its joys and griefs," that they will find a much more proper and eligible mode of conveying their tender emotions, through the medium of the Post Office, than a public journal. "PARNASSIAN," says she, "should be your ruling idol, if you most commence idolaters."

I am free to own, that I am wonderfully attached to this same Propriety; I would caress her as my bosom friend; she should be an attendant on my every duty; and I would constitute her an inseparable companion and guide of every son and daughter of the Muse. I have a set of nerves so whimsically assorted, that by a confusion of characters, unbecoming usurpations, and a gross departure from the lines evidently designed by nature, I am absolutely unhinged, and rendered, for the time being, totally unfit for duty. Cease then to wonder, that such a ditty as the one which follows, has put me quite "up a stump!"

"TO MISS S. K.

Farewell! Farewell! we part forever!
And does affection end in this!
Must I at last so coldly sever!
And vanish all my dreams of bliss?
Yes! Yes! alas! it must be so,

Thou it is to me a pang severe:
Thou oft I breathe the sigh of woe,
And shed full oft the sorrowing tear.
Yet still it must be, you and I
Were never destined for each other
Thou many an hour of grief must fly,
ere I so well can love another
For O! I loved thee fondly loved thee
Thy dewy lip thy eye soft languish;
And once thy look my soul had moved
To throbbing joy or nameless anguish
And many a happy hour I've known,
When in your arms reclining;
And oft the winter's nights hath flown.
I at its swiftness ere repining
For much to short I thought each minute
Which thus o'flowed with heavenly blisses
Yet felt an age of sorrow in't
While it was sweetened with thy kisses,
But yet Farewell! and since we part
May you such panting pangs ne'er know
As tortures now this aching heart
Which once alone did glow for thee. W."

Poor fellow! I pity you from the bottom of my heart! and trust me, the Doctor's best skill shall be put in requisition for thy relief; but, as I said before, I must depend mainly upon advice. It is, indeed, "a pang severe," which arises from the recollection of

"A happy hour you've known,
When in your arms reclining,
And oft the winter's night hath flown."

But listen, lad—there are other arms as soft as hers, where you can "recline" the live-long winter's night! But then, "the many hours of grief" which must pass "ere you so well can love another!" Ah! here's the rub! A dose of "battered honey," however, will soothe the "pangs" that "torture now thy aching heart," whilst some fairer damsel "cradles all thy griefs to rest."

Here is comfort for thee, lad—which, however, few who are so fondly attached to reclining in the arms of the fair, are slow in suggesting to themselves, upon such a catastrophe. "Keep a stiff upper lip then," and wipe away those big tears of sorrow, for you may yet bask in the love-beams of a brighter eye, and gather sweets from a truer heart.

THE FROLIC SOME DUKE.

The late duke of Montague was remarkable for achievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself. In one of his rambles he observed that a middle aged man, in something like a military dress, in which the lace was much tarnished and the cloth wore thread bare appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro in the mall with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving about him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

This man the Duke singled out as a fit object for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learned that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who having laid out his whole stock of money in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment, but upon the conclusion of peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the Duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learned upon further inquiry, that the captain having a wife, and several children had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down to Yorkshire, whither he constantly remitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which would not sustain them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot where alone he could look for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation.—These particulars afforded new scope for the Duke's genius, and he immediately began

After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the captain was sitting alone, buried in his speculation, on a bench, to send his footmen to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The Duke having placed himself at a considerable distance, saw his messenger approach without being

perceived, and began to speak without being heard. He saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person who accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or believe his speech, when it was repeated to him till he did. In short he saw with infinite satisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour and attitude of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport deepened upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality in striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait on his grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the Duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine; chiefly on account of a lady who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish without the assistance of a friend (that having lapsed these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty of bringing them together); and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might be the opinion of the world, could be no imposition to his honor. During this discourse the Duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the Duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and therefore to put an end to his difficulties at once, the Duke laid his hand on his breast, and devoutly swore that he told him nothing which he did not believe on good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining room with great curiosity and wonder, but his wonder was unaccountably increased when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The Duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much if not more astonished the lady than he had her husband, to whom he took care that she should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than describe a meeting so sudden and extraordinary; it is sufficient to say that it afforded the highest entertainment to the Duke, who at length with much difficulty got his guests quietly seated at the table and persuaded them to fall in, without thinking of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened that soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the Duke, that his lawyer attended about some business of his Grace's order. The Duke willing to have a short truce with the various inquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who pulling out a deed that the Duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when to complete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement, which the Duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life.—Having gravely heard the instrument read, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept of it without compliments: "for," said he, "I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction in any other way."

AUREUS,

ON THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF A SOVEREIGN.

Written by himself, London, 1824.

This, though no record of Royal opinions, no Emperor's testament, no Frederick of Prussia's maxims, no Cæsar's commentaries, is nevertheless a light and amusing volume. An imitation of the once celebrated *Adventures of a Guinea*, it possesses neither the bitter satire, the grossness, nor the talent, of that work. It is an entertaining trifle, which may pass half an hour pleasantly enough.—The following short tale is a favourable specimen:

"Almost at the commencement of hostilities, I was cruising on the West Indian station, in a small sloop of war, of which I was then second in command; when, in a desperate engagement with an enemy's ship of superior force, our captain and a number of the men were killed, our vessel captured, and the remainder of the crew were sent on shore on one of the smaller islands then in the possession of the French. Being the only officer whom heaven protected from death, I was marched at the head of those of my comrades, who were able to walk, to the common prison of the petty capital of the island.

"We were incarcerated in small, dark and loathsome cells, without any mitigation of our miseries, for several months. In one of our daily visits to our breathing place, the iron bars of which reached within two feet of the ground, I had planted myself against one side of the window, with my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the fine blue sky, as if regardless of any thing terrestrial. When I withdrew my attention from the bright heavens, the sight of which to a sailor is almost as reviving as the face of an old acquaintance, a tall thin figure with a stern visage, indented with wrinkles, caught my observation. He wore a huge cockade hat, from under which a few straggling grey hairs had escaped half way down his sunken cheeks, and the remainder were fastened together in a long queue, that extended downwards nearly as low as the skirts of a blue coat, obsolete in its shape and dimensions. His legs were immersed in a tremendous pair of military boots, which reached half way up his thighs; and he was armed with a tall and substantial gold-headed cane, which he occasionally carried like a muckster on his shoulder, as he marched backwards and forwards at some little distance from our prison. I frequently observed him, with both his hands clasped upon the top of his cane, that at the same time served as a resting place for his chin, and I imagined that he fixed his eyes intently upon my countenance. What a hard-hearted old cynic he must be, thought I, to gaze upon so much misery, and with such little apparent concern! Sometimes I fancied I could discern a gleam of compassion break through the cloud of his rigid features; and there was an upright dignity in his deportment, that induced me to suppose it could not cover a heart of meanness and depravity; and on that day, when the blue coat was no longer to be seen, I felt an indelible sort of disappointment, which, on subsequent reflection in my cell, I ascribed to the extreme paucity of those who made the court-yard a place of resort.

"After a week had elapsed without my again beholding him, one morning I remained with my eyes open for a considerable time, before I could believe myself to be properly awake; for I had dreamt, that I was returned to my native cottage in Devonshire, and I seemed still to feel the warm embrace of my good old mother, who pressed me with transport to her bosom. But when I started from my miserable pallet, and found it but a dream, my weakness overcame me, the tears trickled down my cheeks, and I sobbed aloud for some minutes like a child. The sentinel, however, relieved the torture of my feelings. I uttered my name, and

RECEIPT BOOK, marked F. M. on the cover, lost, (it is believed in Market street, between 4th and 5th) about the 5th inst.

A reward will be paid the finder, by the Police Department, on presenting the book at the office of the Inspector, 701 Market street.